



DC  
COMICS

25

ZERO YEAR

SUPERMAN

ACTION

COMICS

THE NEW 52!

GREG  
PAK  
AARON  
KUDER

JAN 2014

RATED T TEEN

DCCOMICS.COM



SMALLVILLE.

BACK IN  
THE DAY.

THE BREEZE  
CARRIES THE SMELL  
OF HER SHAMPOO  
THREE MILES.

I THINK IT'S  
GARDENIAS.

AND THEN THE SOUND  
OF THE BUS'S BRAKES  
SPLITS THE AIR LIKE A  
GUNSHOT.

LANA!  
WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

HEY,  
CLARK.

SHOULD  
HAVE KNOWN  
I COULDN'T  
SLIP AWAY  
WITHOUT YOU  
NOTICING...

...BUT YOU  
SHOULD BE A  
LITTLE MORE  
CAREFUL.

ANYONE  
SEE YOU BREAK  
THE NORTH AMERICAN  
LAND MAMMAL SPEED  
RECORD?

I DON'T  
CARE IF THEY  
DID.

SURE YOU DO. YOU'VE  
TOLD ME YOUR *PLANS*.  
AND THEY WON'T  
WORK IF EVERYONE  
KNOWS YOUR  
*BUSINESS*.

LOOK,  
LANA, WHAT  
I'M TRYING  
TO SAY...

MY THROAT TIGHTENS.  
I CAN HEAR HER  
HEARTBEAT. STEADY  
AS A DRUM.

SHE'S ALREADY  
DECIDED.

...I KINDA  
THOUGHT...  
YOU AND ME...  
WE WERE...

DON'T GET ALL  
STUPID ON ME,  
CLARK.

YOU KNOW  
I HEART  
YA.

BUT I'VE  
GOT THINGS  
TO DO IN THE  
WORLD...



"...AND SO DO YOU."

SIX YEARS AGO THE LEGEND OF BATMAN EMERGED AMID THE GREATEST CATASTROPHE GOTHAM HAD EVER ENDURED. A MANIAC CALLING HIMSELF THE RIDDLER HAS SHUT DOWN ALL ELECTRIC POWER MERE DAYS BEFORE A TERRIFYING SUPERSTORM. BUT THE DARK KNIGHT ISN'T THE ONLY HERO TO SURFACE DURING THIS MOMENT IN TIME KNOWN ONLY AS THE ZERO YEAR...

...THE MAN OF STEEL IS TAKING ON THE GREATEST CHALLENGE OF HIS YOUNG CAREER.

FOUR YEARS LATER.  
METROPOLIS.  
WAREHOUSE DISTRICT.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE SUPREMACISTS, NATURALLY.

THEY'VE GOT SOME STUPID PLAN INVOLVING HUMAN SACRIFICE, FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL PLASMA GODS, AND THE MASS MURDER OF UNDOCUMENTED IMMIGRANTS.

THAT LAST BIT I KIND OF TAKE PERSONALLY.

KILL THE SUPERMAN!

BUT I DO APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT THEY'RE WEARING PROTECTIVE ARMOR.

SO I CAN DO THIS.

AND THIS.

AND THIS.

THAT ALL YOU GOT?

I ADMIT IT... IT'S NOT THE BEST QUIP EVER...





...BUT IT SETS THEM  
UP FOR A HECK OF  
A PUNCH LINE.

VOOOOOT!

OW.

OW.

VOOOOOT!

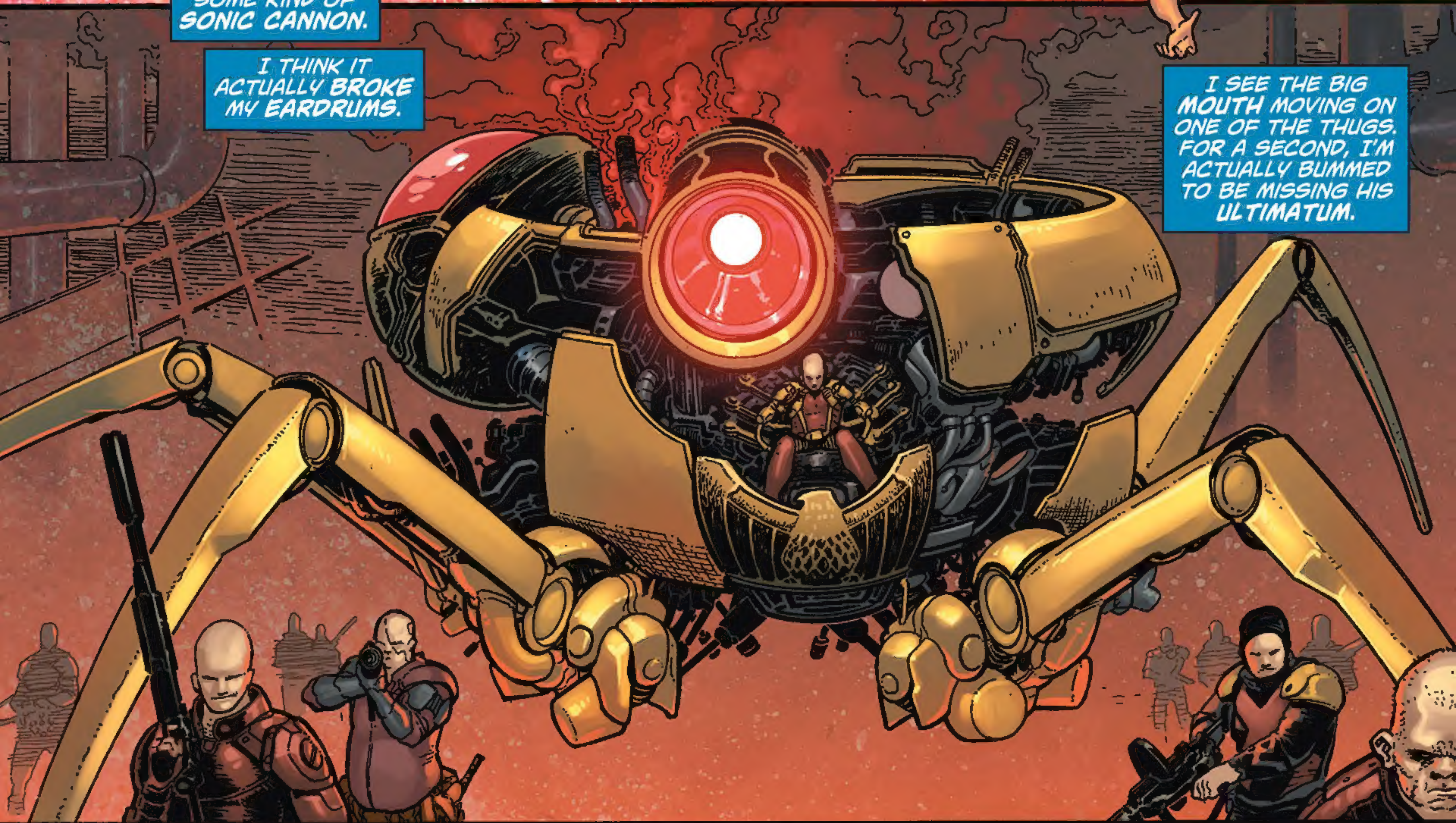
VOOOOOT!

OW.

SOME KIND OF  
SONIC CANNON.

I THINK IT  
ACTUALLY BROKE  
MY EARDRUMS.

I SEE THE BIG  
MOUTH MOVING ON  
ONE OF THE THUGS.  
FOR A SECOND, I'M  
ACTUALLY BUMMED  
TO BE MISSING HIS  
ULTIMATUM.



BUT THEN I FEEL  
THE VIBRATIONS  
OF THE PEOPLE'S  
SCREAMS.

RIGHT. THIS IS  
WHY I'M HERE.

TIME TO  
WRAP IT UP.



AND I  
REALIZE I'M  
SMILING.





ALMOST  
FEELS LIKE  
FLYING.



BUT  
BETTER.



THE PEOPLE I  
JUST FREED RUN  
AWAY SCREAMING.

PRETTY SURE  
THEY'RE SCARED  
OF ME.

I SHOULD  
REASSURE  
THEM.

SMILE.

PAT A KID ON  
THE HEAD.



BUT I'VE GOT A  
WAREHOUSE TO  
BURN DOWN.

ONE OF THE LITTLE  
SUPREMACISTS  
ACTUALLY CRIES.



HAHAHA  
HAHA!

AND I CAN'T  
HELP MYSELF.





LATER.

NOTHING TO SEE HERE BUT  
GOOD OL' CLARK KENT,  
REPORTER FOR THE DAILY  
STAR, WORKING LATE,  
BANGING OUT A STORY...

TAK  
TAKTIK  
TAK  
TAKTAK  
TIKTIK  
TAK  
CRAKKK

I FEEL THE  
BLOOD RUSH  
TO MY FACE.

SHAME.

I PUNCHED  
DOWN TODAY.

SURE, THEY  
DESERVED  
IT...

...BUT IS  
THAT ALL  
THIS POWER  
MAKES ME?

WHOA.

WHAT THE  
HELL AM I  
DOING?

A BULLY?



AND THEN MY NEXT-  
DOOR NEIGHBOR  
SWITCHES FROM  
FOOTBALL TO  
THE NEWS...

...AND I HEAR HIM  
CURSE UNDER HIS  
BREATH.

--WORST  
STORM TO HIT THE  
EAST COAST IN FIFTEEN  
YEARS, THREATENING  
AT LEAST TWENTY  
MILLION HOMES.

AND A REALLY  
STUPID IDEA BEGINS  
TO FORM IN MY  
HEAD.

IT'S A CATEGORY  
THREE RIGHT NOW,  
WHICH IS TERRIFYING  
ENOUGH.

BUT  
IT'S ACTUALLY  
GAINING STRENGTH  
AS IT NEARS THE  
COAST.

YOU CAN'T  
SEE IT ABOVE  
ALL THOSE CLOUDS,  
BUT THERE'S A  
FULL MOON  
TONIGHT.

SO WE'RE  
TALKING HIGH TIDE.  
CATEGORY FIVE  
HURRICANE...

...HEADING  
STRAIGHT  
FOR GOTHAM  
CITY...

...WHICH HAS  
JUST BEEN HIT BY  
A TOTAL BLACKOUT  
CAUSED BY A CRIMINAL  
CALLING HIMSELF  
THE RIDDLER.

AND TO  
TOP IT OFF,  
THERE'S SOME KIND  
OF ALLEGED MASKED  
VIGILANTE RUNNING  
AROUND.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
SEEING THERE,  
BOB?

WE'RE TWO  
HOURS FROM  
LANDFALL...

...AND  
ALREADY THESE  
RAINDROPS  
FEEL LIKE  
BUCKSHOT.

THE ORDERS HAVE  
GONE OUT TO EVACUATE  
FLOOD ZONES A THROUGH  
C, BUT WITHOUT POWER,  
WE'RE NOT SURE HOW MANY  
PEOPLE HAVE ACTUALLY  
GOTTEN THE NEWS.

RIGHT NOW,  
METROPOLIS  
REMAINS AT THE  
EDGES OF THE  
HURRICANE'S  
PATH.

BUT  
PLEASE PAY  
CLOSE ATTENTION  
TO ALL SAFETY  
BULLETINS AND  
EVACUATION  
ALERTS.

RIGHT NOW, METROPOLIS  
REMAINS AT THE EDGES OF  
THE HURRICANE'S PATH. BUT  
PLEASE PAY CLOSE ATTENTION  
TO ALL SAFETY BULLETINS  
AND EVACUATION  
ALERTS.

SERIOUSLY,  
FOLKS. THIS  
IS MOTHER  
NATURE AT HER  
WORST.

AND  
WE'RE ONLY  
HUMAN.





**SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.**

**I HAVE NO IDEA  
HOW STRONG I  
REALLY AM.**

**BUT I FEEL  
THE STORM  
ROLLING IN...**

**...AND I WANT  
TO FIND OUT.**

**THE SKY'S FULL OF  
NATIONAL GUARD  
HELICOPTERS AND  
RELIEF PLANES...**

**...HUNDREDS OF  
EVERYDAY MEN  
AND WOMEN  
HEADING FOR  
GOTHAM...**

**...RISKING THEIR  
LIVES TO SAVE  
PEOPLE FROM  
THIS STORM.**

**BUT ME?**



I'M GONNA  
STOP THE  
STORM.



YEAH, I  
KNOW.

IT'S A FORCE  
OF NATURE.



BUT SO  
AM I.



TWO LEAGUES OFF THE COAST OF GOTHAM

TANKER  
JEAN-MARIE!  
THIS IS COAST  
GUARD 997,  
COMING IN FOR  
PICKUP.

GET  
ALL YOUR  
EVACUEES ON  
DECK!

LANA!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING IN HERE?  
THE CHOPPER'S  
LANDING!

NO  
FOOLING  
AROUND, LANG!  
TIME TO  
EVAC!

COOL.  
CAN THEY  
JUMP-START US?  
I GOT CABLES  
AROUND HERE  
SOMEWHERE...

I'M JUST  
LANA LANG,  
FRIENDLY  
NEIGHBORHOOD  
ELECTRICAL  
ENGINEER.

I SHOULD BE  
TERRIFIED.

BUT I'M  
ACTUALLY  
SMILING.

YOUR BOAT'S DEAD  
IN THE WATER,  
CAPTAIN. AND WE'VE  
GOT A **DOZEN**  
**MORE** CREW  
MEMBERS THAN'LL  
FIT ON THAT  
CHOPPER.

I'VE GOT  
THINGS TO  
DO.

AND NOW I'M  
TALKING LIKE SOME  
KIND OF ACTION  
HERO!

LANG!

A GENUINE  
CRISIS MAKES  
EVERYTHING  
CLEAR.

I DON'T HAVE  
TO THINK ABOUT  
LOVE OR SEX  
OR DEATH OR  
MONEY.

I'M JUST SCANNING  
THE SCHEMATICS,  
TALLYING OUR  
RESOURCES, MAKING  
MY PLAN--

THIS IS  
THE LAST  
CHOPPER!

NOW  
YOU GET  
OUT THERE,  
NOW!

AND YES,  
THAT'S AN  
ORDER!

HUH.

AND THERE  
IT IS.

THE OUT.





THIS WASN'T IN MY  
JOB DESCRIPTION.

I COULD JUST...  
GO HOME.

I COULD  
LIVE.

TELL ME  
SOMETHING,  
CAPTAIN...



...DO I KNOW HOW  
TO PILOT THIS  
BOAT?

WHAT  
THE HELL ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

ARE  
YOU GETTING  
ON THAT  
CHOPPER?

...  
NO.



WELL,  
THEN, NEITHER  
THE HELL  
AM I!



TANKER  
JEAN-MARIE!  
GET READY FOR  
EVAC!



DAMMIT,  
LANG!

CHARLES HAS  
A CONCUSSION--  
PUT HIM ON THAT  
CHOPPER BEFORE  
HE PASSES  
OUT!  
I'M  
HEADING  
DOWN TO  
THE ENGINE  
ROOM!



THE CAPTAIN  
SCREAMS AT ME SOME  
MORE. BUT THE WIND  
AND THE CHOPPER  
DROWN HIM OUT.

THIS IS DUMB.

I SHOULD BE  
TERRIFIED.



BUT I'M  
SMILING  
AGAIN.





SOMEBODY'S  
LAUGHING

I THINK  
IT'S ME

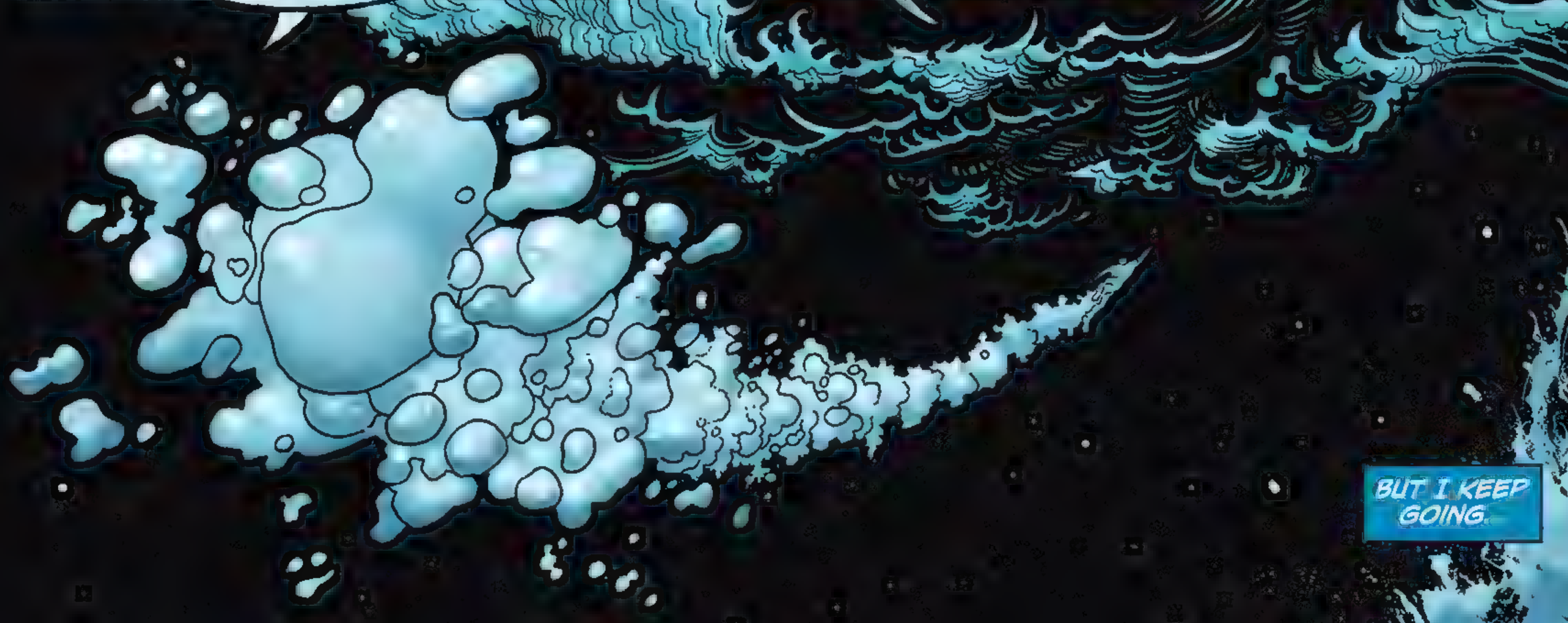


MORON



EVEN THE SHARKS  
HAVE THOUGHT  
THIS THROUGH A  
LITTLE BETTER

SWIM AWAY  
FROM DANGER  
DUMMY



BUT I KEEP  
GOING



AND IT FEELS GREAT.

AND IT ACTUALLY WORKS.

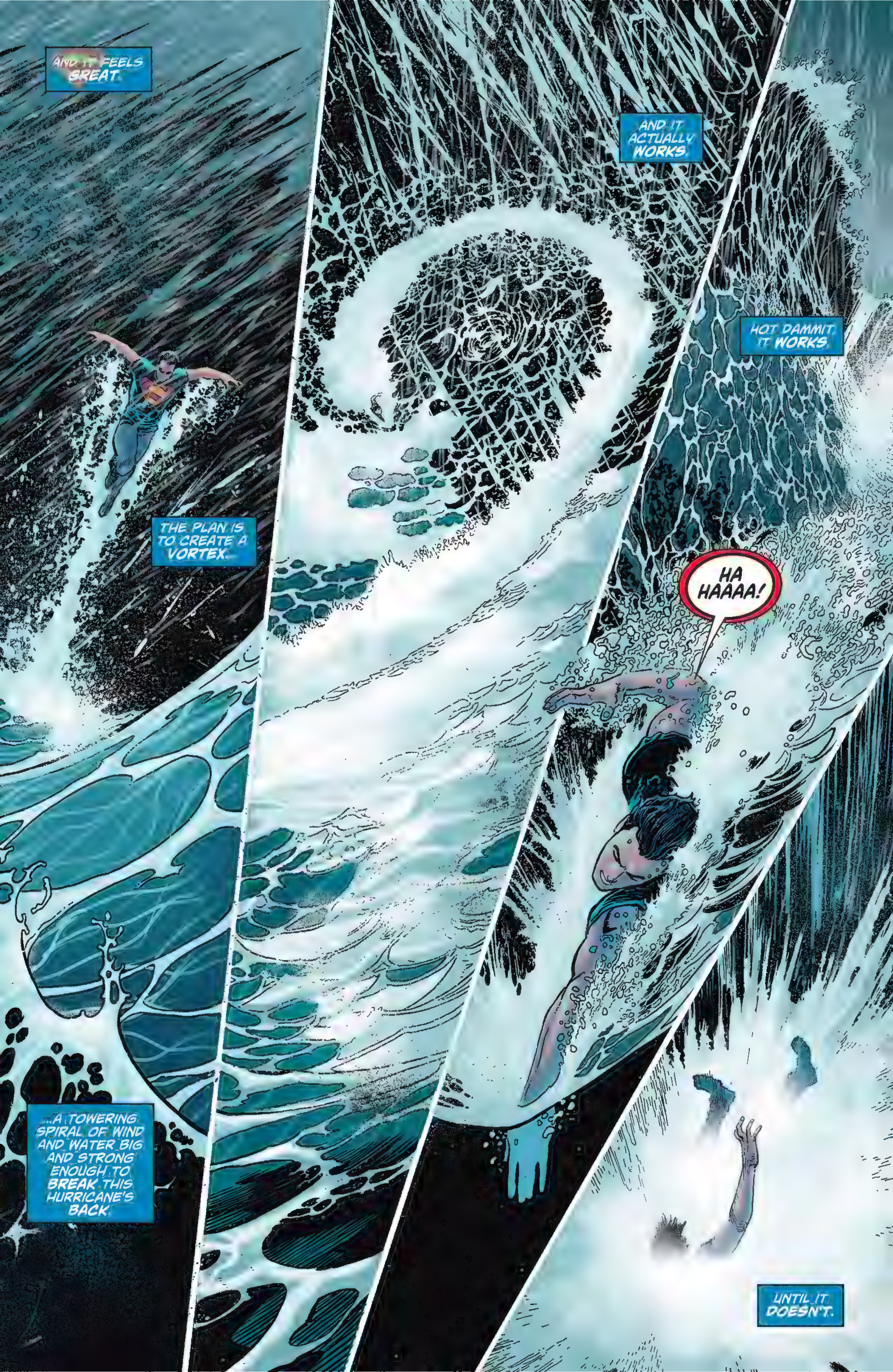
HOT DAMMIT, IT WORKS.

THE PLAN IS TO CREATE A VORTEX.

HA HAAAA!

...A TOWERING SPIRAL OF WIND AND WATER BIG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THIS HURRICANE'S BACK.

UNTIL IT DOESN'T.







MY  
GOD.

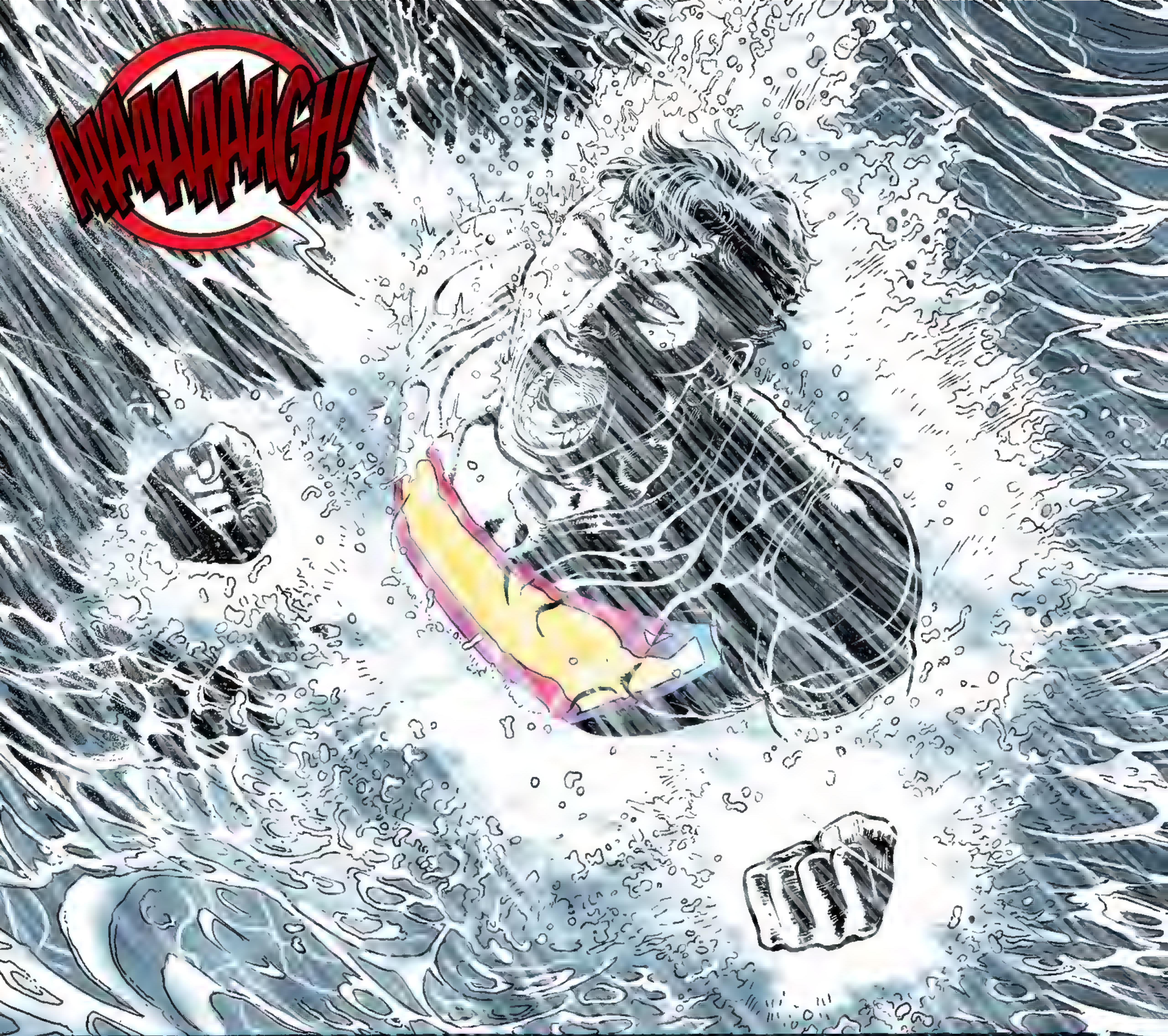
IT'S TOO  
MUCH.

I DON'T.

I CAN'T.

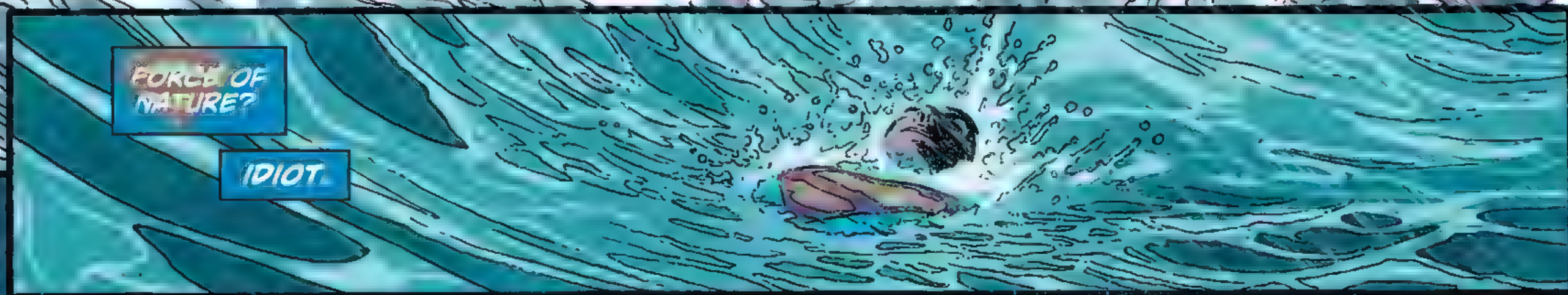


AAAAAAGH!

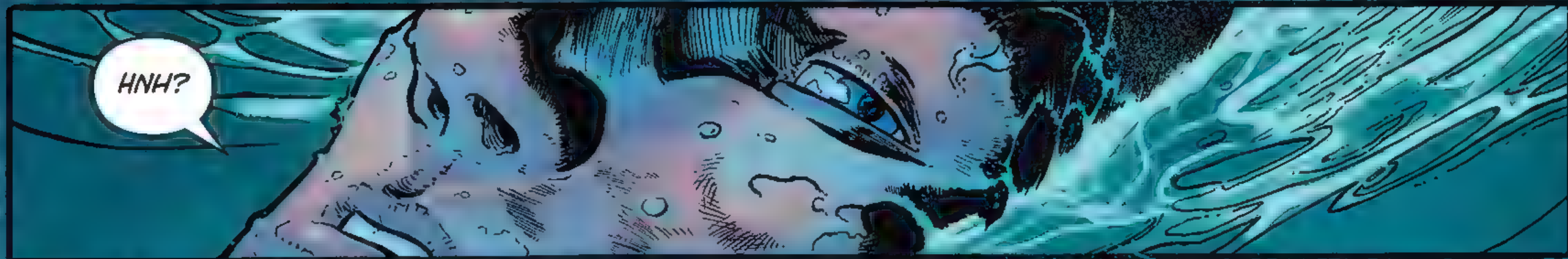


FORCE OF  
NATURE?

IDIOT.



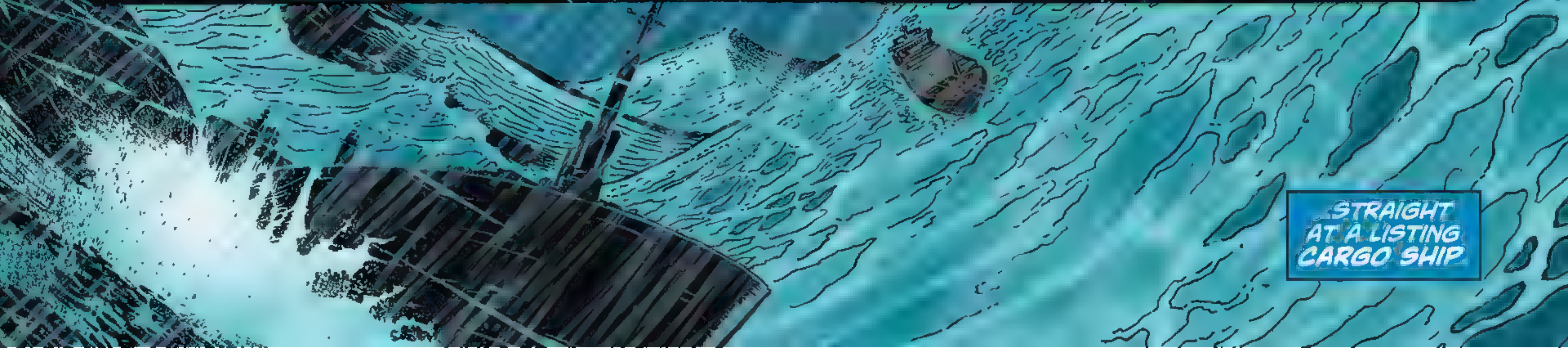
HNH?



OIL TANKER. STEEL  
SIDES GROANING AS THE  
STORM TOSSES IT...



STRAIGHT  
AT A LISTING  
CARGO SHIP







COAST  
GUARD SAYS  
IT'S **ABANDONED**--  
NO ONE ON BOARD  
TO TURN IT  
ASIDE!

WE NEED  
THAT POWER  
**NOW**, LANG,  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

**FIVE  
MINUTES  
OR WE'RE ALL  
DEAD!**

AND  
FINALLY...

...I'M  
SCARED.

HEADS UP,  
PEOPLE!

ANYBODY  
WORKING ON  
A **SECONDARY  
SYSTEM** IS NOW  
WORKING ON  
MAIN ENGINE  
FUNCTION!

"THIS IS IT! ALL  
OR NOTHING! DO  
OR DIE!"

OKAY,  
I'M OUT OF  
CLICHÉS!

"LET'S JUST  
FREAKING DO  
THIS!"



THINGS I  
LEARNED  
TODAY.

I CAN'T STOP  
A HURRICANE

BUT  
PLEASE.

PLEASE.

COUPLING'S  
READY! TELL  
ME YOU'VE GOT  
THAT SOCKET  
CLEARED!

LET ME  
BE STRONG  
ENOUGH.

SHAYOON

LET ME  
BE STRONG  
ENOUGH.

BOAT'S  
ROCKING!

KEEP IT  
STEADY!

NEVER GIVE  
UP

NEVER, EVER,  
EVER...

BUT THE WATER'S  
ALREADY THROWING  
THE SHIPS BACK  
TOGETHER AGAIN...



AND I  
KNOW IT'S  
TOO LATE.

WE'RE  
OUT OF  
TIME.

BUT IT SOUNDS  
SO SMALL  
AGAINST THE  
ROARING OF  
THE STORM.

I HEAR A  
PROPELLER  
KICK IN.

RACHUNK

THE BOATS  
ARE GOING TO  
CRASH.

I CAN SEE THE  
TRAJECTORIES.

DAMMIT.

NEVER GIVE  
UP.

THEY'RE  
GONNA CRASH.

CRANK IT,  
DAMMIT!

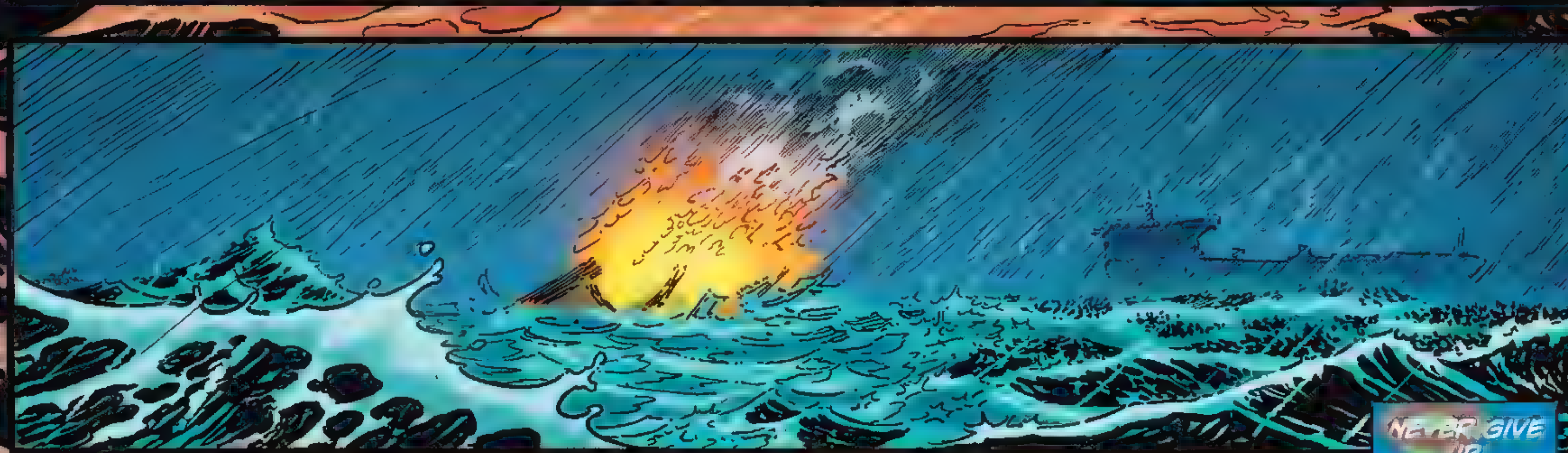
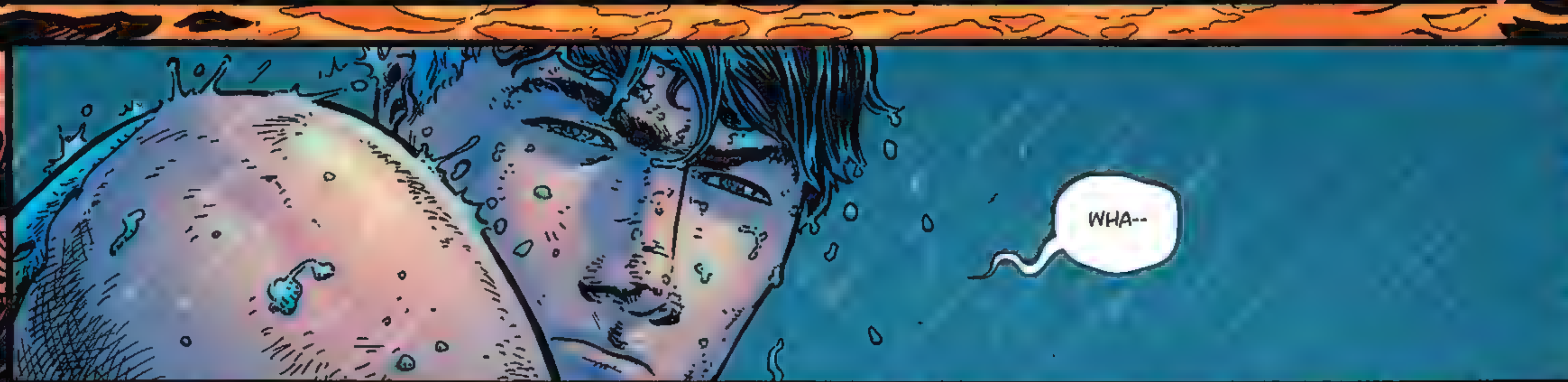
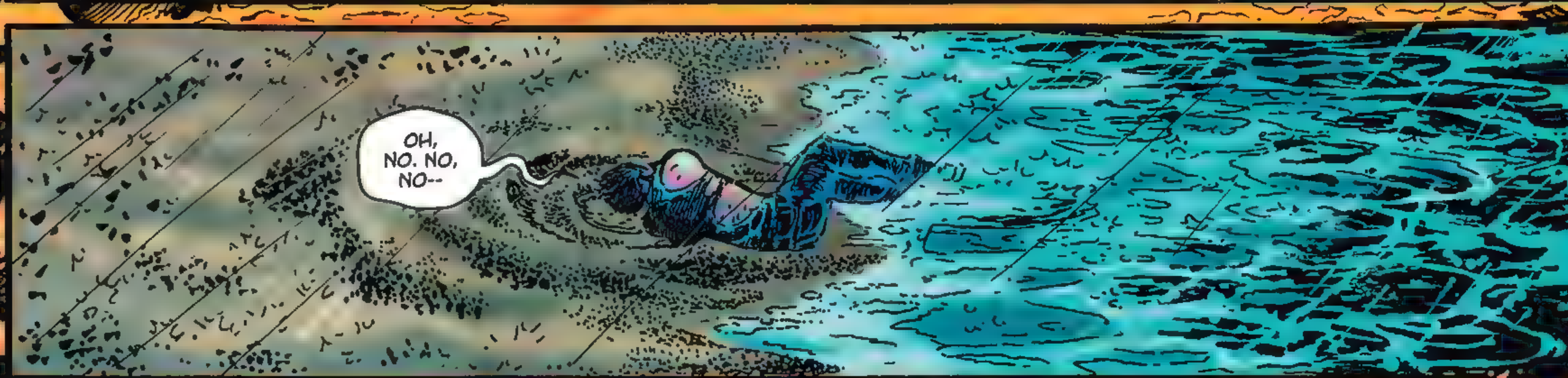
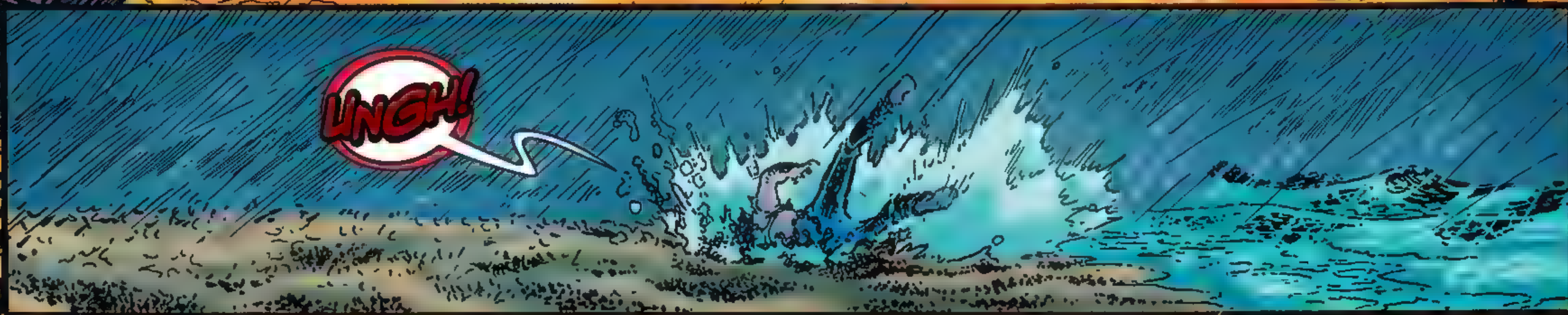
NEVER  
NEVER...

...EVEN WHEN  
IT'S ALREADY  
OVER...

NEVER GIVE  
UP.

NEVER GIVE  
UP.







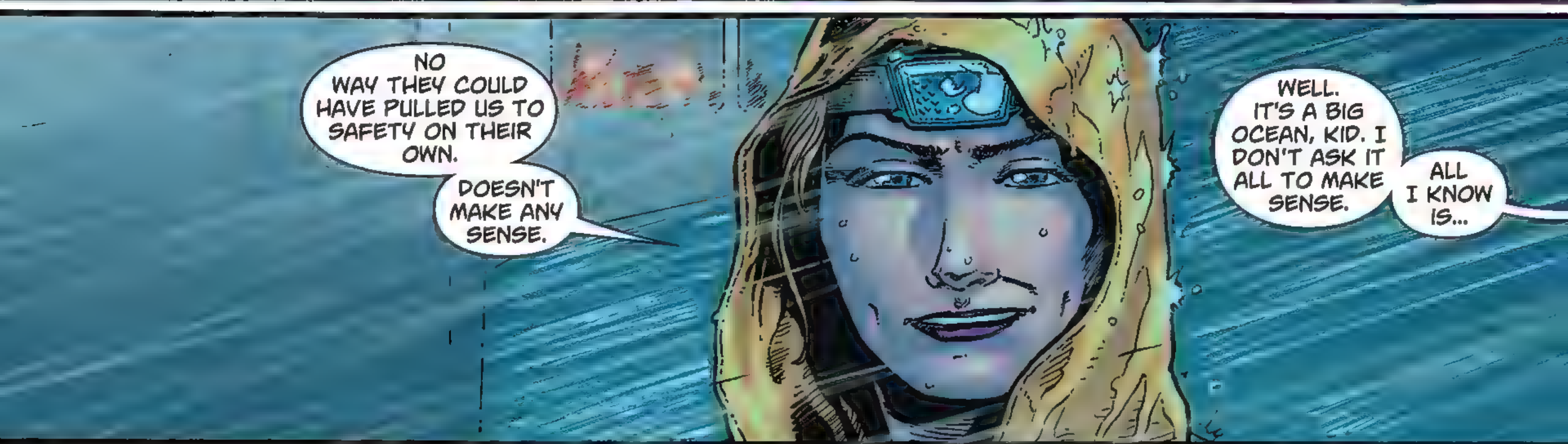


YOU DID IT, LANA! GAVE ME A FREAKING HEART ATTACK, BUT YOU DID IT!

NO.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WE WERE DEAD, CAPTAIN. THE ENGINES STARTED TOO LATE.



NO WAY THEY COULD HAVE PULLED US TO SAFETY ON THEIR OWN.

DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

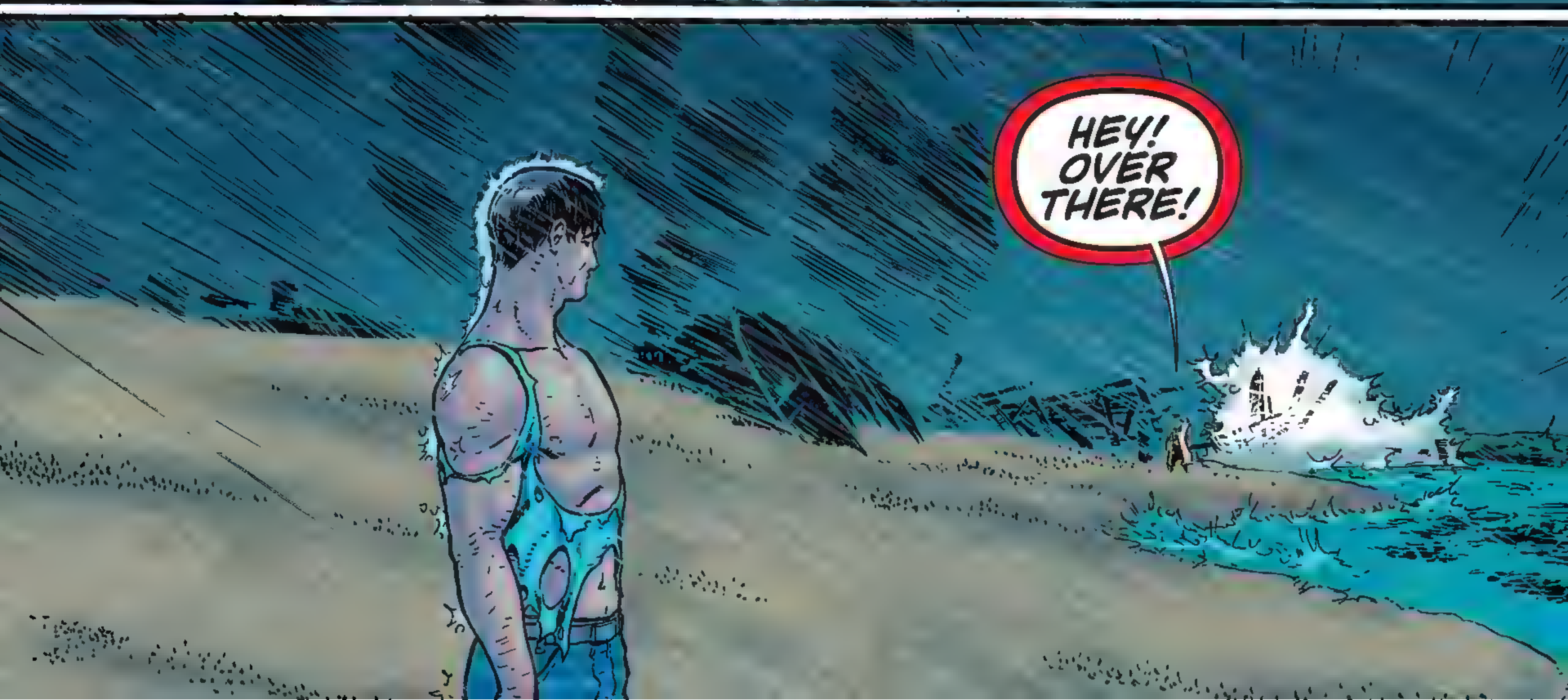
WELL. IT'S A BIG OCEAN, KID. I DON'T ASK IT ALL TO MAKE SENSE.

ALL I KNOW IS...



...IF YOU HADN'T KEPT GOING...

...WE'D ALL BE DEAD.



HEY! OVER THERE!





DC COMICS™ PRESENTS:

# **SUPERMAN** in a ZERO YEAR Tale **STORMBREAKER**



**STORY GREG PAK ART AARON KUDER**  
**COLOR ARIF PRIANTO LETTERS CARLOS M. MANGUAL**  
**COVER AARON KUDER AND WIL QUINTANA**  
**ASSISTANT EDITOR ANTHONY MARQUES EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA**  
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER  
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY  
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

**END.**



# LUNCH BREAK

GREG PAK WRITER

SCOTT MCDANIEL & AARON KUDER (PG. 28) ARTISTS

DAN BROWN COLORS CARLOS M. MANGUAL LETTERS

ASSISTANT EDITOR ANTHONY MARQUES

EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA

SUPERMAN CREATED BY

JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER,  
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH  
THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY



TODAY

AUTUMN IN  
METROPOLIS

BEAUTIFUL

LUNCH TIME. WARM  
SUN. CRISP, COOL  
BREEZE

YOUR SANDWICH  
SMELLS DELICIOUS

AND THEN YOU  
HEAR SOMETHING  
STRANGE

WHAT DO  
YOU DO?

(P.S. YOU'RE  
SUPERMAN.)



EVERY YEAR I  
HEAR A LITTLE  
BIT MORE

OPEN THIS  
DOOR, YOU  
SONOFA--

OH  
GOD OH  
GOD OH  
GOD...

I THINK I  
KNOW WHAT THAT  
MEANS...AND I  
DREAD IT.

CLICK

SOME DAY I'LL  
BE ABLE TO HEAR  
EVERYTHING.

EVERY VOICE

--JUST  
SO FREAKING  
TIRED OF HIM,  
YOU KNOW?  
SO FAIR  
WARNING.

HANG  
ON, LET ME  
FIND HIS  
NUMBER...

OH  
GOD.

SKRREEEEEEEE

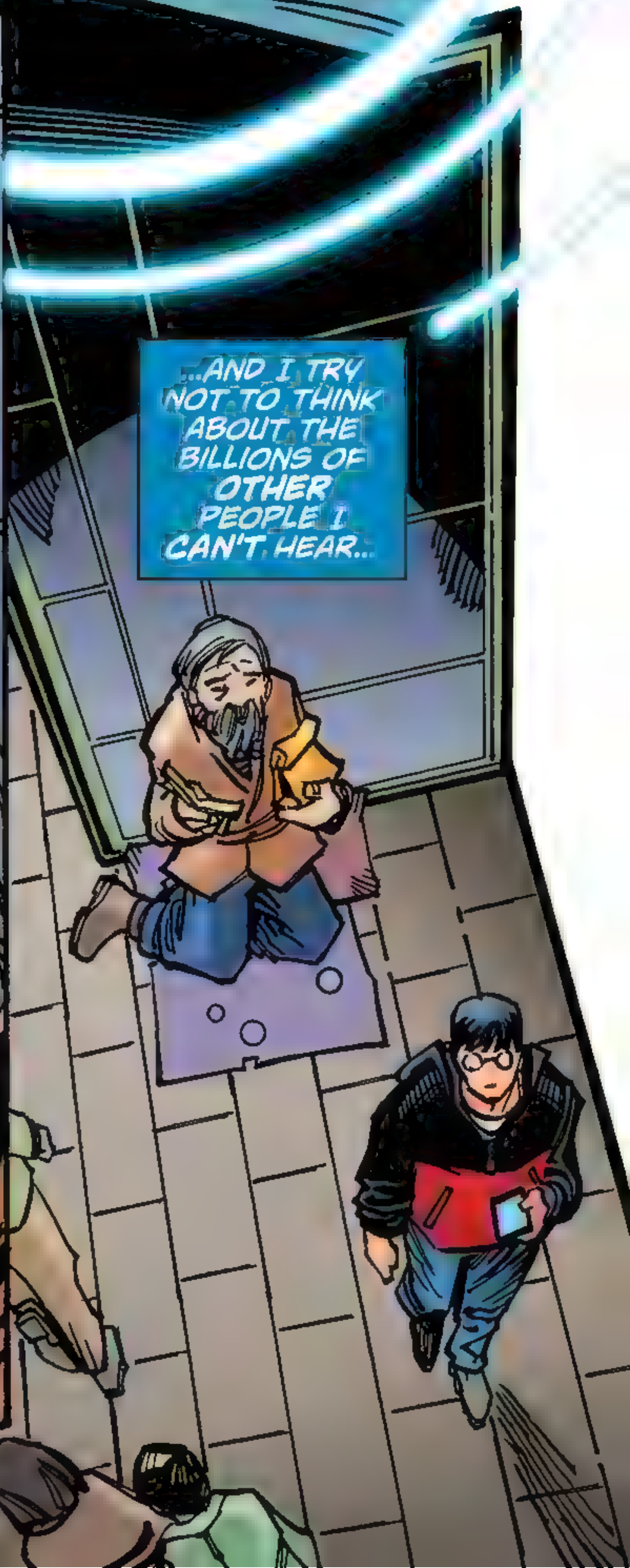
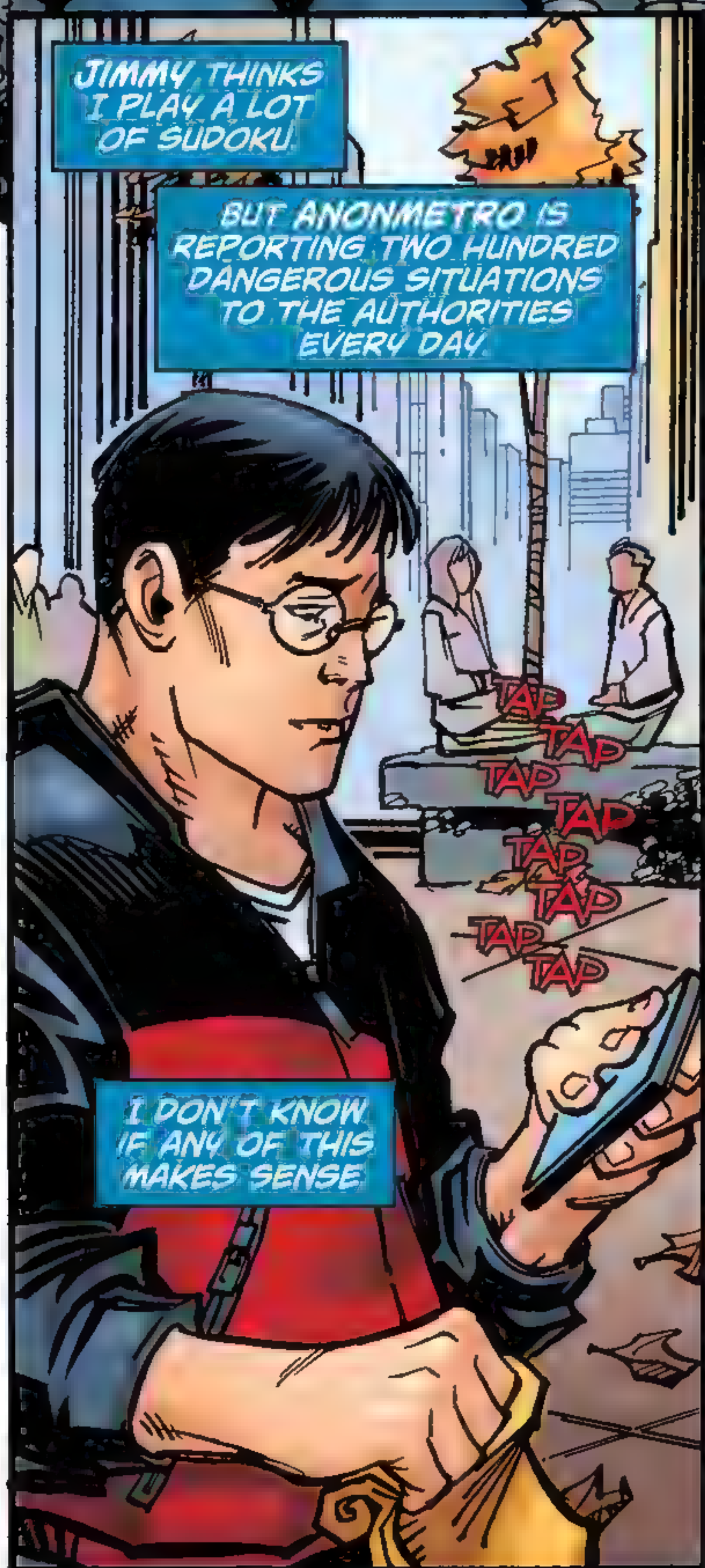
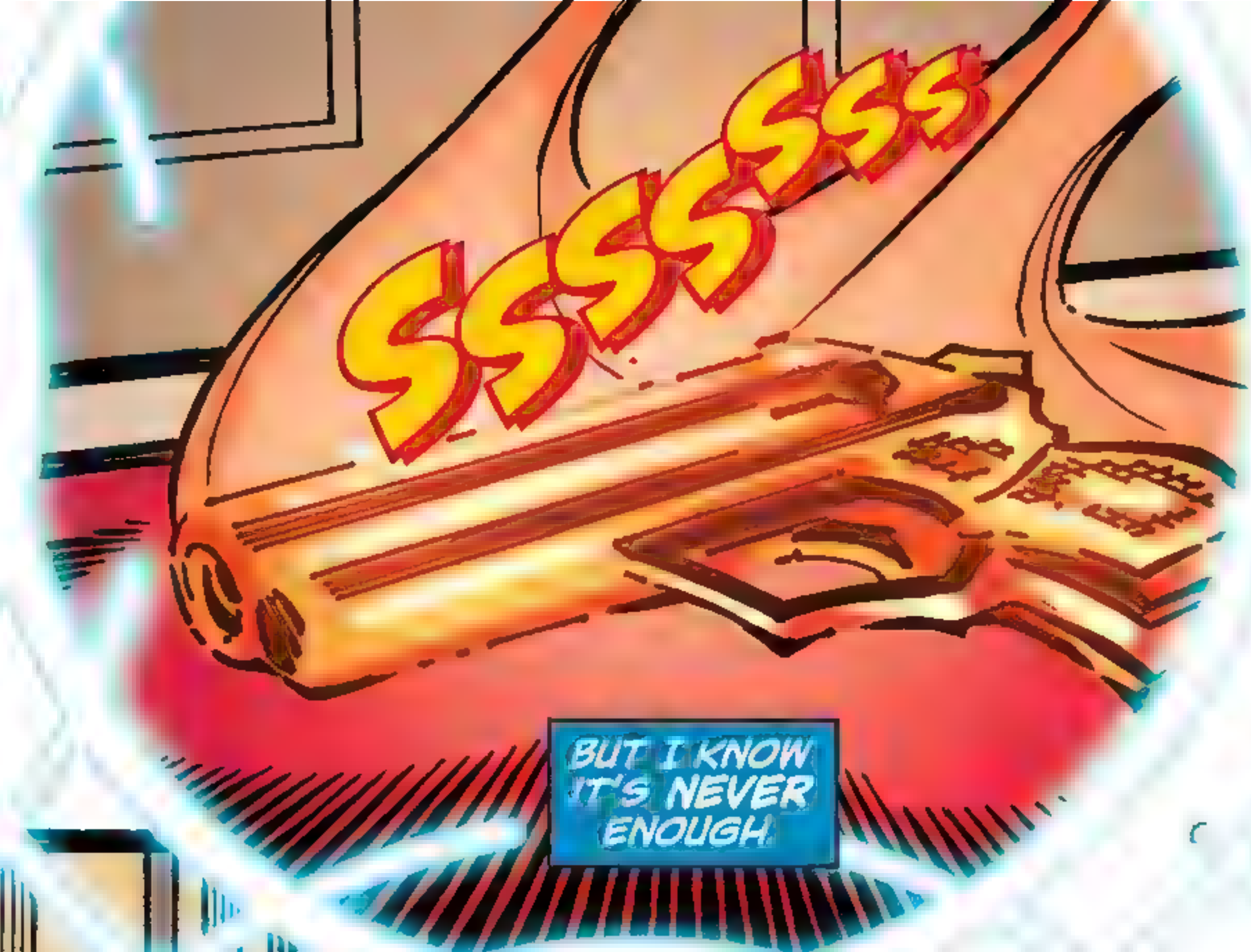
EVERY  
HEARTBEAT

HELP?  
HELP...NO.  
NO NO.  
NOSSIR.

BUT FOR  
NOW, I JUST  
HEAR WHAT'S  
IN MY CITY.

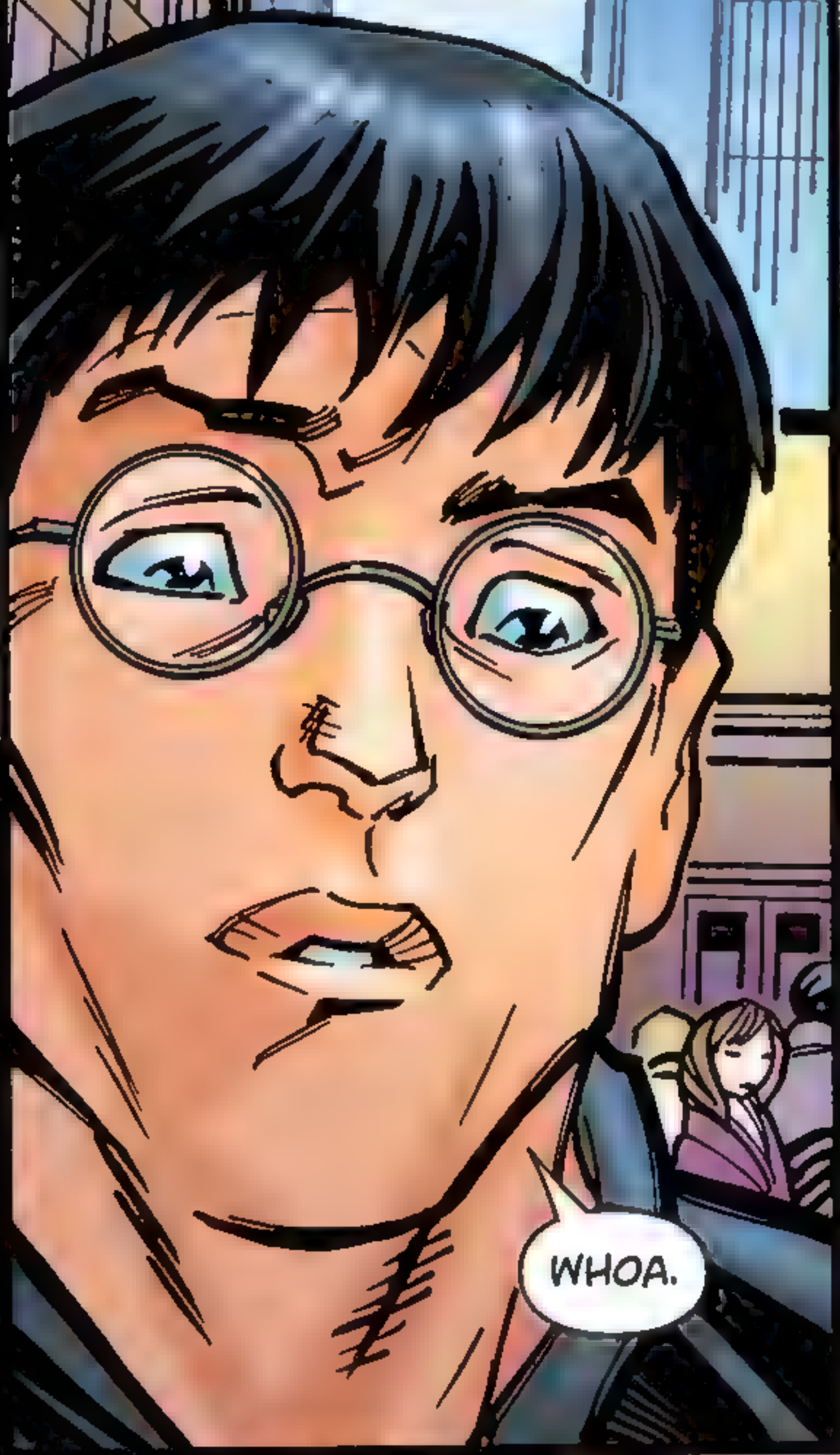
EVERY PROBLEM,  
EVERYWHERE ON  
THE PLANET







UNLESS THEY'RE  
IN REALLY BIG  
TROUBLE



WHOA.



HEY,  
WATCH IT,  
MAN!

SORRY...

THIS IS A  
NEW ONE

FELT IT IN  
MY FEET

SOMETHING  
UNDERGROUND.



FAR AWAY



AND  
DANGEROUS

(FINALLY.)





WHAT  
THE HELL'S  
GOING  
ON?

MS. LANG!  
PLEASE  
STAND  
BACK!

IT'S NOT  
SAFE!



I KNOW,  
YOU MORON!

THAT'S  
WHAT I TOLD  
SANCHEZ THIS  
MORNING!

I STILL  
HAVE ANOTHER SIX  
HOURS OF **STRESS**  
**TESTING** TO DO ON  
THE **DRILL**--WE'RE NOT  
SURE IT CAN HANDLE  
THE INCREASED  
**PRESSURE** WE  
ENCOUNTERED  
LAST--



IT'S  
FINE, LANG!  
GET BACK TO  
THE LAB!

YOU  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THE HELL  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT,  
SANCHEZ!

CALM DOWN.  
I WAS DRILLING  
HOLES WHEN YOU  
WERE BUILDING SAND  
CASTLES. THERE'S  
NOTHING  
HERE I HAVEN'T  
SEEN A HUNDRED  
TIMES--



HATE TO  
SAY I TOLD  
YOU SO...





KKRRRAAANNINKA!

...BUT  
OH MY GOD  
WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
THAT!

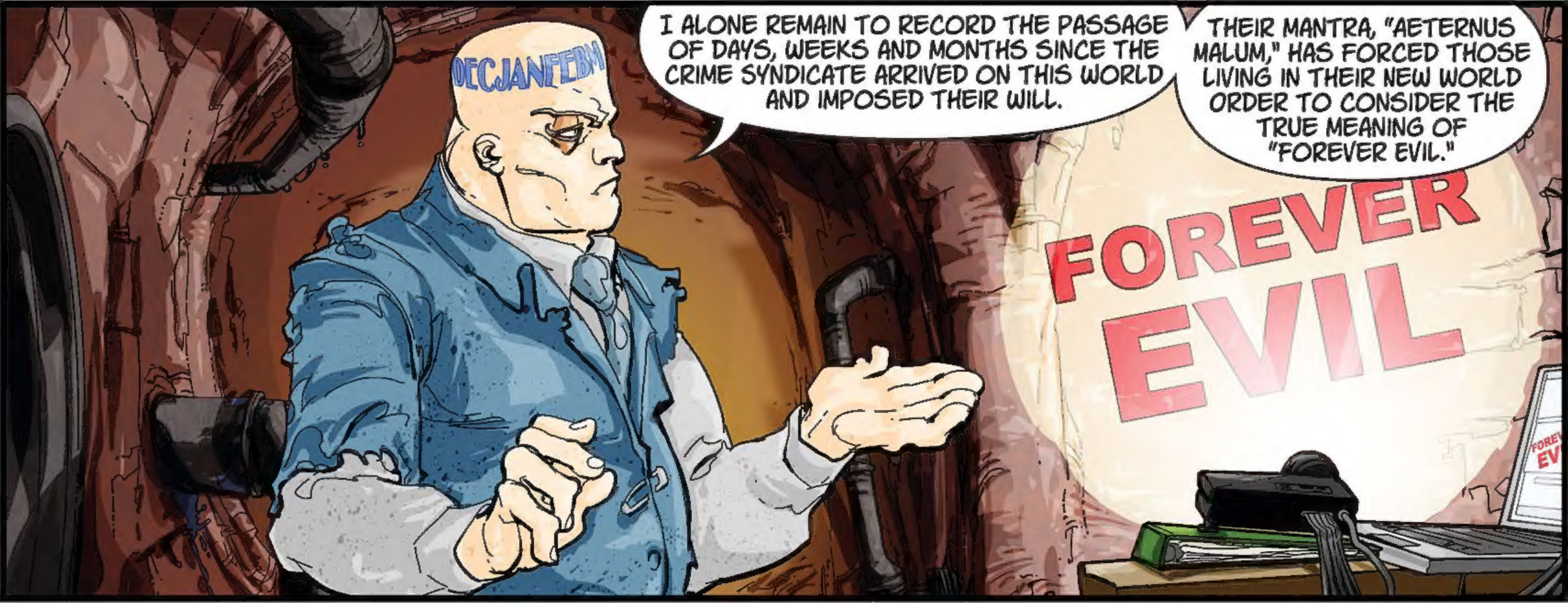
NEXT: SUBTERRA **MONSTERS!**





WELCOME  
TO THE END  
TIMES!

I AM THE  
CALENDAR MAN  
AND I AM  
CHANNEL 52!



I ALONE REMAIN TO RECORD THE PASSAGE  
OF DAYS, WEEKS AND MONTHS SINCE THE  
CRIME SYNDICATE ARRIVED ON THIS WORLD  
AND IMPOSED THEIR WILL.

THEIR MANTRA, "AETERNUS  
MALUM," HAS FORCED THOSE  
LIVING IN THEIR NEW WORLD  
ORDER TO CONSIDER THE  
TRUE MEANING OF  
"FOREVER EVIL."

FOREVER  
EVIL



I HAVE TAKEN TO  
THE SHADOWS OF GOTHAM  
CITY FOR SURVIVAL AT A TIME  
WHEN VIOLENCE AND ANARCHY  
RULE THE STREETS.

IMMEDIATELY  
FOLLOWING THE CRIME  
SYNDICATE'S ARRIVAL,  
BANE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF  
THE WORLD'S MISSING  
HERO POPULATION TO  
GAIN CONTROL OVER THE  
REMAINS OF BLACKGATE  
PRISON.

THE CARNAGE  
LEFT IN HIS WAKE WAS  
STAGGERING.



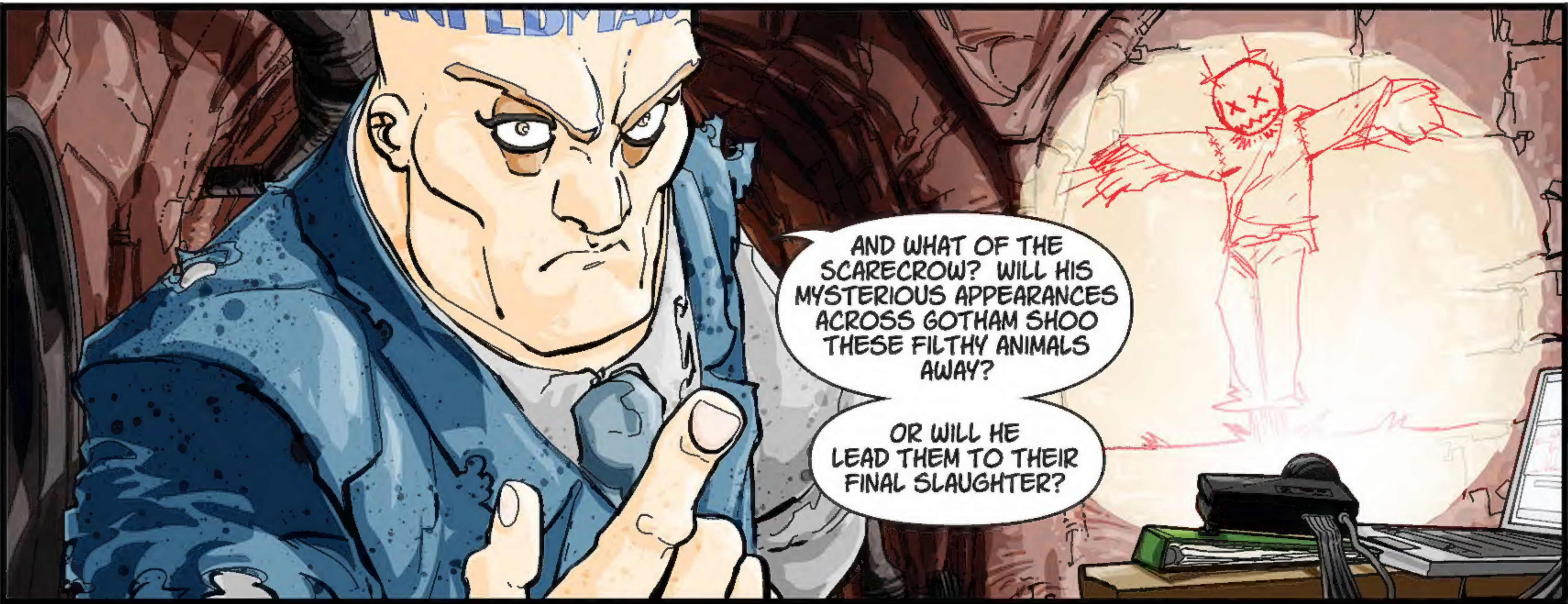
WORD IS THAT BANE  
SEEKS THE REMAINING  
TALONS--THE ULTIMATE  
WEAPONS CONCEIVED BY  
THE LEGENDARY COURT  
OF OWLS.

BANE'S MASTER  
PLAN FOR GOTHAM  
CONTINUES TO UNFOLD,  
BUT IF THE TALONS FALL  
UNDER HIS CONTROL,  
ANYTHING IS  
POSSIBLE.



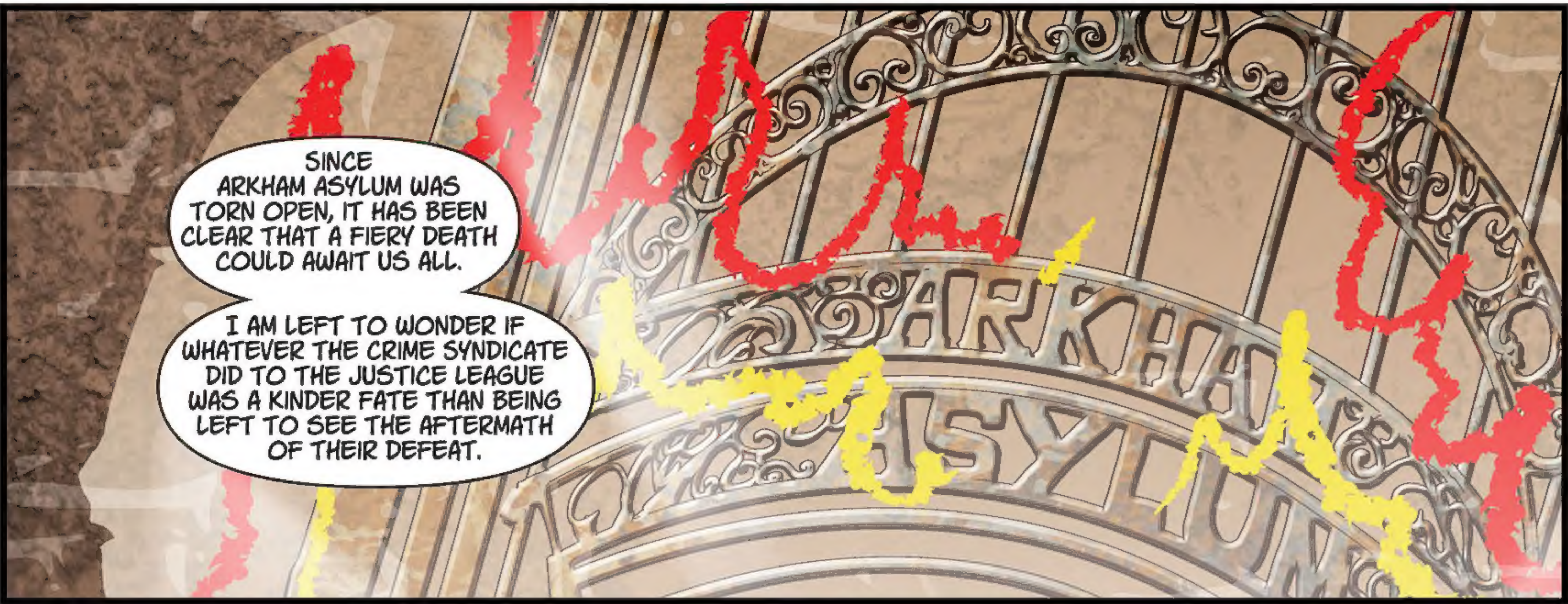


MEANWHILE, THE REMAINING STREETS OF GOTHAM MIGHT AS WELL BE CALLED THE "ARKHAM ZOO" AS THE PENGUIN, APPARENTLY ACTING AS THE NEW MAYOR, GIVES KILLER CROCS, MAN-BATS, PYGS, AND OTHER LUNATICS THEIR VERY OWN KINGDOMS TO LORD OVER.



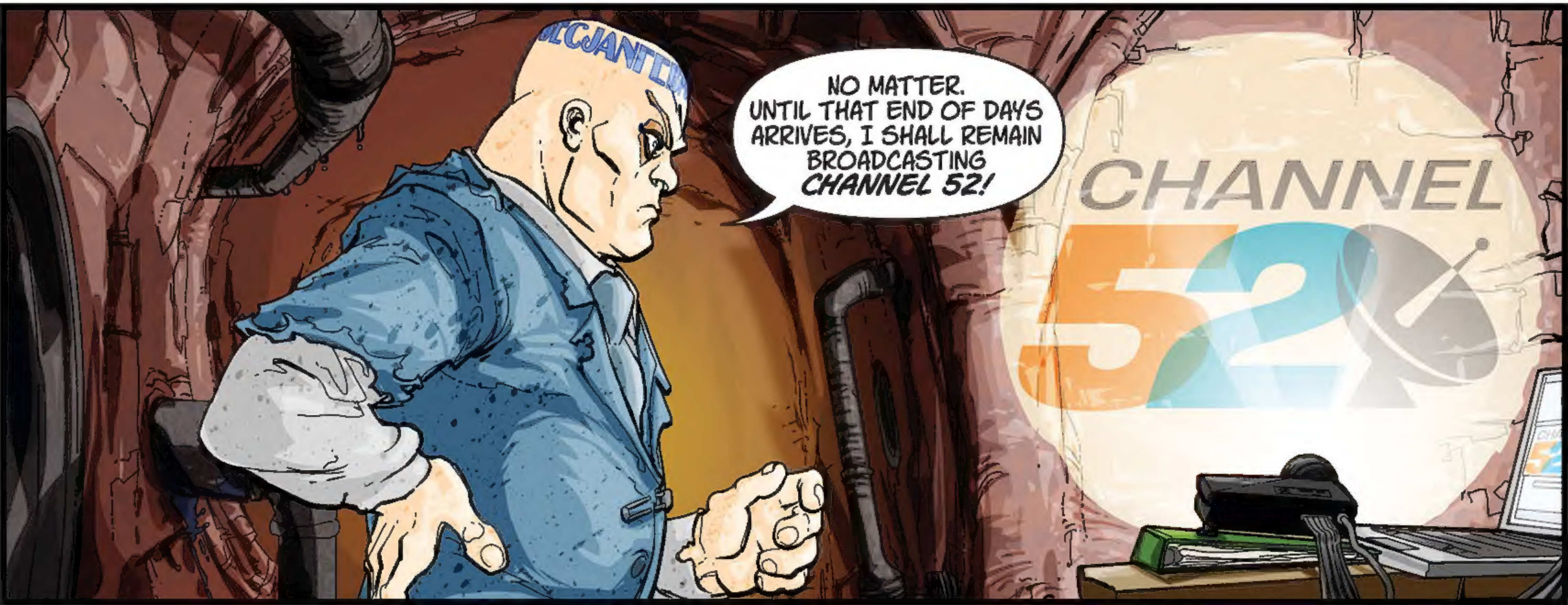
AND WHAT OF THE SCARECROW? WILL HIS MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCES ACROSS GOTHAM SHOO THESE FILTHY ANIMALS AWAY?

OR WILL HE LEAD THEM TO THEIR FINAL SLAUGHTER?



SINCE ARKHAM ASYLUM WAS TORN OPEN, IT HAS BEEN CLEAR THAT A FIERY DEATH COULD AWAIT US ALL.

I AM LEFT TO WONDER IF WHATEVER THE CRIME SYNDICATE DID TO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE WAS A KINDER FATE THAN BEING LEFT TO SEE THE AFTERMATH OF THEIR DEFEAT.



NO MATTER. UNTIL THAT END OF DAYS ARRIVES, I SHALL REMAIN BROADCASTING CHANNEL 52!



